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4526 ROOSEVELT WAY NE ~ SEATTLE 15 MEMBER of U.P.S.
FORTNIGHTLY

THE FORTNIGHTLY

Vol. 1, No. 4

MAY 16



Uncle Sam & the Missiles

May 20 - the Seattle Center grounds over-ridden by the military.
Tanks, guns, missiles, model Vietnam village.
For the edification of the populace
& the glorification of war.

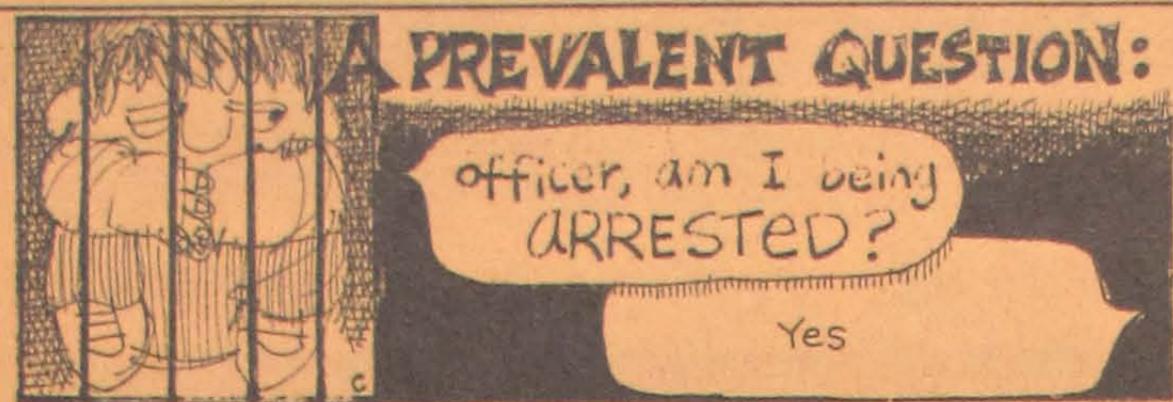
IT SHOULD BE TURNED TO LOVE. & PEACE. To a scene
The peace people will demonstrate. But gently. Yeah.
And a Folk-rock band will play
off the back of a flatbed
riding around the whole Center
(like outside)

And the marchers will protest or vigil or whatever
And be there

With the band & others ... & the tanks & the guns
music in the mind & body
if you play, bring it =
guitars, banjos, harmonicas ...
O.K.?

& flowers, because that's the opposite of tanks
(& leaflets & picket signs, if that's your thing)
& YOURSELF
to say to the tank watchers:
There is something else
or

Is more to this gig than the military wants to
let on.
Seattle Center :::: Mercer St. side :::: May 20 1-2-5 P.M.



Robert Dennis Holley will go on trial May 24th for the alleged violation of Ord. No. 16046, Section 30, amended by Ordinance 89022 entitled "An ordinance for the preservation of public morality, peace, safety and good order in the City of Seattle, and providing for violations thereof," approved May 23 1907 against the public morals, peace, good order & imagination of the City of Seattle. What Robert Dennis Holley did, in fact, do was sit on the window ledge of the Eig. in the midst of 40 or 50 milling marginals.

It was on the evening of May 5th - Friday - that plans to attack the Thermogleep* were circulating in the district. So the assembly outside the Edge was larger than usual. Inevitably, the police arrived again to practice their fancies in the arbitrary management of several arcane and ambiguous ordinances memorized for the occasion.

The crowd was told to move out. Then Holley, who is a bit more interested in his rights than the average hippy, approached one of the officers and asked... "What law are you enforcing? He said 'move out' again, and I again asked "what law are you enforcing?" They then shoved me over to the car and I asked "Officer, am I being arrested?" His face drew a blank but then stuttered "Yes." On the way to the station, Holley asked why he was being arrested and was answered "for being a dirty fringie." At the station, however, Holley was charged for violation of yet another disruption of public peace: i.e. ordinance 91910... or "willfully and unlawfully refusing to separate from a crowd which crowd causes passersby into the street in the 4100 block university way North East."

This reporter, being also interested in storming the Thermogleep, was so also willfully passing about on that block on that very night. I moved through, within, & about the crowd never once having to resort to the street.

Holley was subsequently searched completely, taken downtown, booked again and differently (cf. way above), mugged, finger-printed, and put in the drunk tank. In brief, Holley had the audacity to practice his legal right: to ask what law he was violating. He will plead not guilty.

*The THERMOLEEP (no one knows the spelling) is a seemingly anonymous erection in the pastoral midst of Ravenna Park. It is, in fact, by reputation, a vast subterranean plot aimed first at Seattle and then at the rest of the nation. There are, in fact, by reputation differences of opinion on the exact nature of the plot.



Two weeks ago, Michael Sauntry, a 20-year-old U.W. student, was knifed to death in downtown Seattle. It was, as they say, a tragic incident. But far more tragic than the murder has been Seattle's reaction to it.

Once more the Queen City is running around with its paranoia hanging out.

Shrieks of panic and cries for vigilante justice are still echoing in the "news" media. The Post-Intelligencer deemed worthy of its front page a long letter filled with the kind of hysterical moaning that ladies of discretion limit to the privacy of their boudoirs.

Public clamor is insisting on one or both of two courses of action: Form armed posses on every block and blow the guts out of those whom you suspect threaten you or your property, and/or enlarge the police force and tighten the laws. Thoreau was wrong: Most men live lives of noisy desperation.

Can you imagine the outcome of the formation of vigilante patrols in every Seattle neighborhood? More innocent people would be killed in a month than criminals or madmen could knock off in a year.

Respect for the law is the epitome of dehumanization. The law is an abstraction, a set of symbols. The quality of behavior which some laws (many laws are merely means by which the few control the many) symbolize is admirable and desirable. But society, prior to the recent electronic revolution, became so fragmented, so compartmentalized, so hung-up on abstractions that it began to respect symbols more than the real, concrete things which they represent.

It isn't the law that needs respect, it's our fellow man. If we were half as civilized as we pretend to be, our safety slogans would read not "Drive Legally" but "Drive Lovingly."

As for police, there are too many as it is. Police forces are a means by which men evade their personal responsibility to other men. Any problem that upsets our culture pattern is turned over to the cops, most of whom are unequipped to cope with social issues except with brute force.

rhada manthus...

Wasn't he the witness for the prosecution?

Seattle, citadel of the surreal and kafka-kapitol of the western world, strikes again.

Steve Herold, manager of the Id Bookstore, and Tony Tufts, a clerk at the Id, were each found guilty by Judge Manolides of two counts of selling pornography to police; one for ENTRAILS, a magazine of poetry, and one for the KAMA SUTRA CALENDAR which contained photographs of sculpture by Ron Boise. Combined fines were \$450, while appeal bond (for appeal to a higher court) was placed at almost twice that: \$800.

When I first heard of the conviction, I intended to write a traditional liberal article, defending both the publications involved and the individual's right to have his prurient interest appealed to. However, the account of the trial which Herold gave was such a classic of its kind, that I decided that my own interjections would only risk muddying the pristine incredibility of the proceedings. Therefore I simply took the notes Herold had given me, put them into sentence form, and...

At the trial, the prosecution (Schulman) produced a Mr. Bellamy: an Art Critic, whose credentials consisted of having "visited a number of art museums." (all quotes are approximate; the transcript of the trial will not be available to us for several weeks.) When Mr. Bellamy was asked about these museums, he became confused as to which were located in what cities.

As the Art Critic had stated that modern art contained "no classics," the defense began questioning him on the art of antiquity. He was unfamiliar with the story of Leda and the Swan, and confused the rape of Europa with that of the Sabine Women. When, during a discussion of Boise's KAMA SUTRA CALENDAR, Bellamy mentioned that he was familiar with the Indian original, defense questioned him on the subject. Bellamy described the Hindu classic on love, marital custom, and sex as a "despised, obscene sect."

Professor Schulman took the stand next, and, having read the appeal.

John C.

Kama Sutra in Sanskrit, disagreed. Spellman pointed out that, if the poses used by Boise were obscene, it would become necessary to destroy at least "half the temples in India."

Finally the defense asked Mr. Bellamy if the material in question did, in fact, arouse his prurient interest. The Art Critic paused a few moments before answering that such "reactions could be controlled" by a man of his stature.

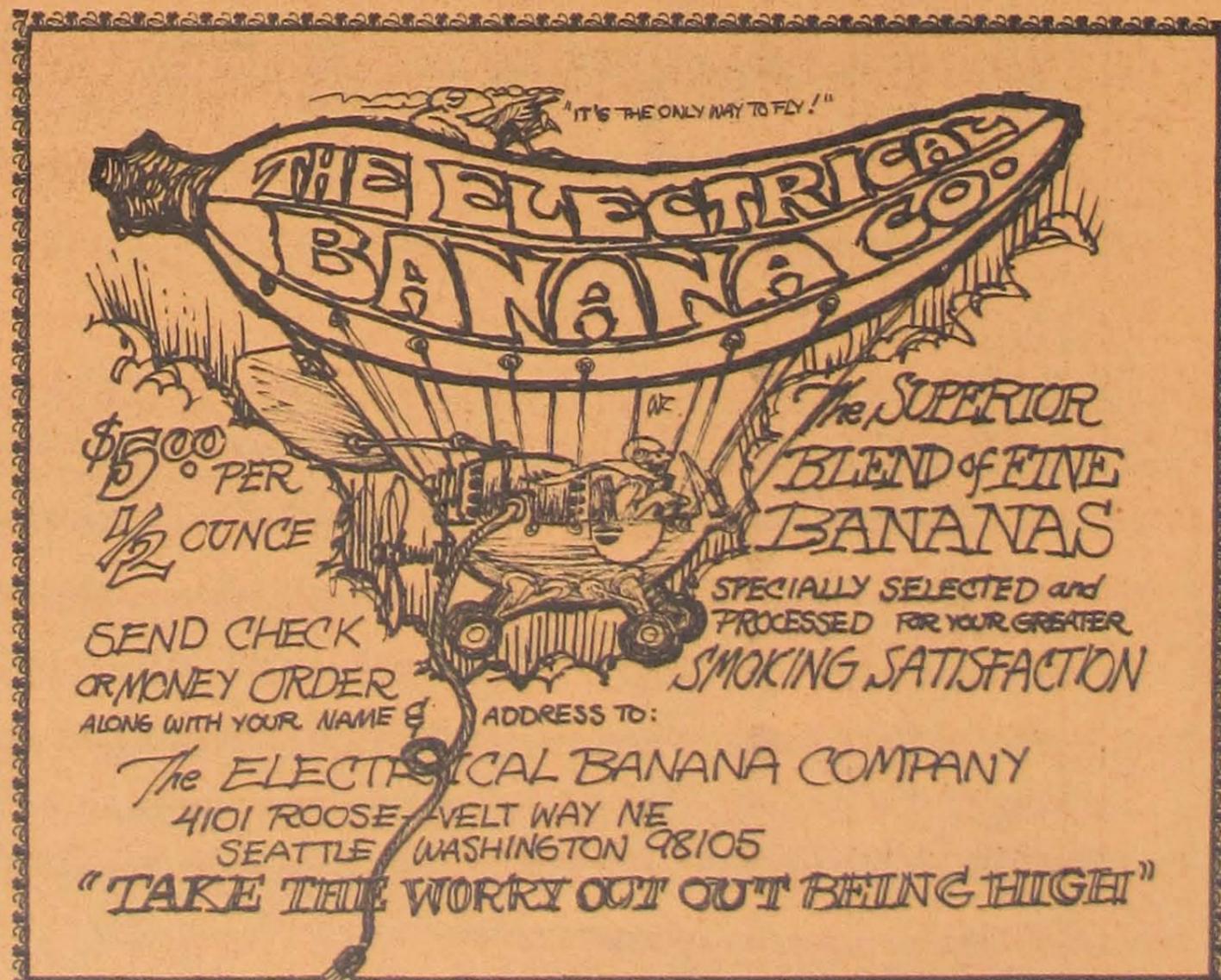
The next witness for the prosecution was a Dr. Leavis. Herold characterized him as being "more competent" than his predecessor; however, when questioned, Dr. Leavis admitted that he found "some literary merit" in ENTRAILS. The Supreme Court, of course, requires material to be obscene, not only in part, but obscene when considered as a whole. As well as containing no literary merit, no social merit, and must pander through advertisement.

When it was pointed out that a UW professor had recently read from ENTRAILS to his classes, and that no community standards had been violated to such an extent that even one student complained, the prosecutor replied that the students at the U -- presumably including the 27,000 fraternity members, sorority members, dormitory dwellers, dope pusher philosophy grads, and part-time house-boat dwelling Chinese students -- were not "representative of the community."

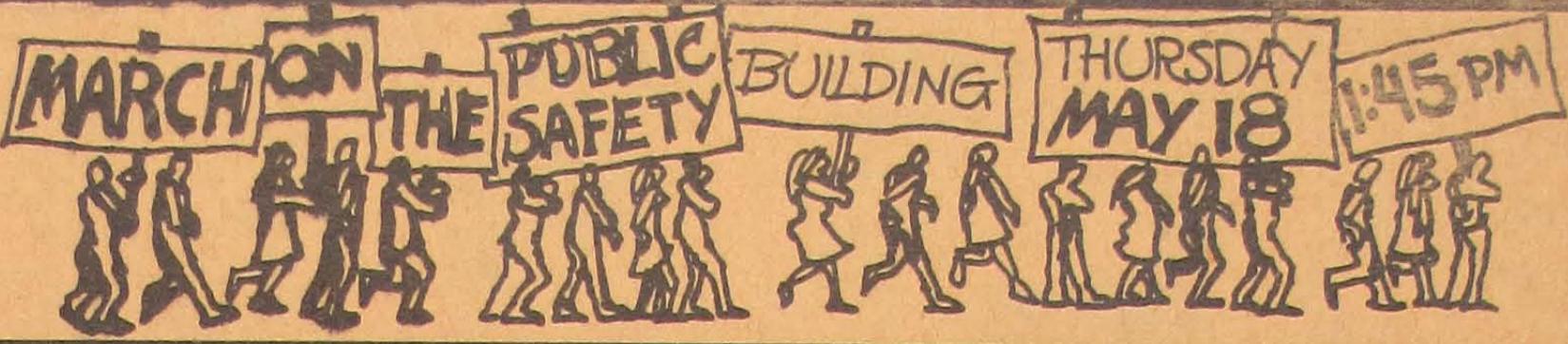
When the police were questioned under oath, they were found to be somewhat confused as to who sold what and to whom.

Judge Manolides handed down his decision virtually the minute the trial was over. Steve and Tony were each found guilty of the charge against... the prosecutor whispered something to the Judge... make that charges; somehow his honor had not bothered to examine the case carefully enough to discover the number of charges lodged. The fines remained the same; each count simply cost half as much...

Bill Dwyer, the lawyer for the Id, feels rather confident about the appeal.



udm



(Dave Wyatt was busted last week at the corner of 1st and Pike. He said some unpopular things. It will be said in court that he was "practicing his 1st amendment rights." Wyatt was, in fact, asserting something and so only practicing those rights as an afterfact. But when fighting for ones rights are the facts of life then existence becomes a suppressive fix. An old shuck and diversion: Wyatt was forced to drop the subject and pick up on the right to speak the subject.)

This week the UDM will publically start something it wont stop until such time as the watchers watch themselves. Mon., published affidavits on police harassment. Tues., Open Forum in front of the HUB, 12:30. Thur., 12:30 another, 1:00 a meeting at the FRIENDS CENTER for rides to PUBLIC SAFETY BUILDING and the march, 1:45. There will be once again attempts made to talk to the police concerning these matters. UDM hopes that this show of public concern will encourage the police to take corrective measures to improve police practices.

Below are a few affidavits. Some of the tamer ones. No names or signatures or police are printed. Later. Soon it will become even clearer to those not involved that certain members of the police force simply have to go. Some should be moved away from the district and the "kids". Others because of their disgusting sadism should be dismissed from the force outright. They must stop the intimidations, the illegal detentions and arrests, the illegal searches, the use of minor charges to justify search and detention, the refusal to enforce laws - e.g. when someone they dont like is being beaten - the harassment of off-beat businesses, the plain brutality. If they dont, these police and their superiors who tacitly condone such actions by not doing anything can be assured that there is in Seattle, this hour, a growing number of young men and women who will not tolerate it. Who will continue to work to stop this thing. (For all our recent gestured concern over police honesty, we should perhaps remember that a dishonest brutal officer is a better thing than an honest brutal officer. The later cannot be bribed. This public servant will not take a gift past that of his salary for the protection of your body.)

Feb. 15, 1966 (1)

A friend and I left the Coffee Corral at 5:30 AM. We were approached by a police officer who asked for our identification. (I was nineteen) and told us to go home. I told him I had arranged to do something else, so I was "arrested" for "loitering." I was directed back to the Coffee Corral where a squad car came and took me to the Wallingford Precinct. I sat in an empty room while, without my knowledge, my parents were contacted (6:00 AM). I was asked for information about drug users, was told I looked like a pig and would be in jail within a year, and was released to my parents. They took me to my apartment and went home. The time involved totaled about three hours.

December 20, 1966 (2)

Officer...(his name)...said "Move" to which I replied "I am waiting for someone." (My girlfriend was buying cigarettes) He then bodily forced me down the street. I turned around and looked at his badge number. He said, "That's right...(his name)...and you'll be having more of it."

No Date Given (3)

Tues. Morning approx. 7AM I was looking at the window display at Bernies Men's Clothing Store. On U. Ave. Two policeman stopped and ordered me to prove my identity. They searched my guitar and asked prying questions which I felt obligated to answer in order to subdue their hostility. They freed me after one half hour of detainment.

They examined several antique matchboxes I had in my possession saying they could arrest me for them if they wanted to. The boxes, "because they are old," contained nothing but dust.

At no time did they tell me I was under arrest.

March 21, 1967 (4)

I was walking down 2nd Ave. in downtown (2nd and Union) Seattle when I was physically halted by a police officer (detective) and dragged physically to an unmarked police car. I was then driven to Harbor View Hospital where I was held in the psychiatric ward for seven days and seven nights. I was released on tues, March 28, in the early afternoon. While in the hospital, I was placed forcibly on a dose of 800 mg. of thorazine per day. No charges, however, were ever brought against me. For this, I am grateful.

Jan., 1967 (5)

After walking out of Elg. I walked up Ave. A police car across street shone light in my face and followed me all the way up Ave. a block. Then cop stopped me and asked for draft card. I showed it and he let me go.

April 1, 1967 (6)

I was re-entering the Happening to look for a friend when this officer stopped me without provocation and asked me what I had in my pocket. I said a comb and a lighter. Then he pushed me against the wall and said I had a bottle of pills in my pocket. He then put his hand in my pocket and found nothing. He didn't apologize or say he was sorry for the embarrassment he caused me... I have two witnesses.

COOL AFFIDAVITS FOR A HOT SUMMER

Civil rights are like casual friends, they disappear after a bust. The way to avoid trouble is to be cool, know your rights, and demand that they be honored. Sounds easy, but it ain't. It's damn near impossible to be cool. Seems the Seattle police department has two methods of determining probable cause. The first is, for instance, seeing a man pointing a smoking gun towards a little old lady who has just kealed over. The second is, for instance, seeing you on the Ave. The latter has been the basis for searching people on the street, tearing the linings out of girls' purses, and pulling high school students out of classes for interrogation.

How do you protect these rights? By demanding them now, before it is too late. Submission to search simply because you're clean only lays the groundwork for continued harassment. If you are with a person or see a person being questioned by the police take it upon yourself to witness the event. If they proceed to search you make it clear to all those present that it is without your permission. Above all make sure the incident is made a matter of record so that pressure can be applied to stop such activities. Only your efforts can stop harassment.

How about affidavits. Can they hurt you? No! No names are revealed without the consent of the originator. Reproduction is done in an anonymous form unless you arrange otherwise. So how to fill one out: use as much specific information as possible. Include names, badge numbers, times, and all conversation that can be remembered. Do it as soon as possible after the incident and turn it in to UDM & HELIX.

On or about February 27, 1967 (7)

On or about February 27, 1967 I was walking down Northlake Way at about 10 PM, carrying a dismantled 22 gauge rifle, and was stopped by a lone cruising Seattle policeman and questioned. The officer, satisfied nothing was amiss left the scene. Less than five minutes later another police car pulled up and called me over. Three uniformed policemen emerged, finding a package of Bull Durham and cigarette papers, and the bolt of the rifle in my pocket, they put me in the car and took me to Wallingford Station for further questioning. Here I was searched again and my possessions taken. A short time later, after more questioning it was decided that I should be in the custody of a psychiatrist, so I was then driven to University Hospital and talked to a psychiatrist for a while. When the police learned that it was not possible for me to be released to the hospital, they then drove me to King Co. General Hospital for the same reason, where after more talking I was released to my parents custody at about 1:00 AM. At no time were charges filed, nor was I told I was under arrest.

March 12, 1967 (8)

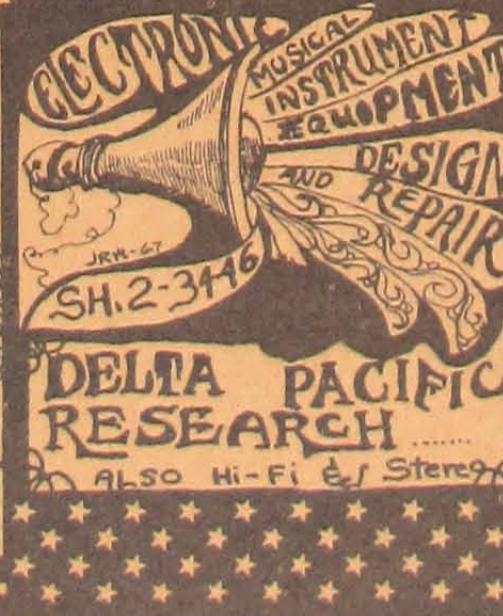
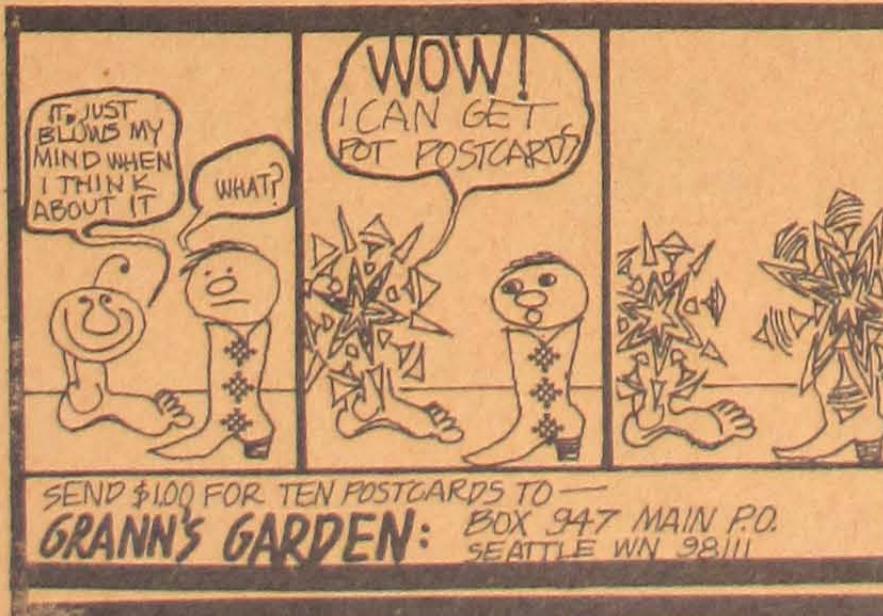
I was walking down U. Way looking, I suppose, what is called "rank hippie" smoking a cigarette. Crossing (at the cross-walk) in the middle of the block - I cut part of the crosswalk (i.e. did not cross entirely via the crosswalk.) A few moments later, a policeman who I hadn't noticed before, stopped me and asked if I knew what I had done. I replied "Jaywalked." He said yes - then asked to check my cigarette. I complied. (It was a Marlboro.) He then asked me what I was "carrying" in my purse - I listed various articles - hairbrush, wallet, notebook, kazoo, etc. He asked to look. Again I complied - without asking if he had a search warrant. He looked. Apparently satisfied or dissatisfied because I wasn't "carrying" anything, he let me proceed.

March 6, 1967 (9)

I was interrogated separately from my companions by officer.... (his name).... He stated that refusal to answer questions would force him to arrest me, when he asked my address, whereabouts, jobs, plans, etc.. He offered to make a bet as to a technical point on my draft card, the object to gain my permission to search me. After refusing the wager I was searched by Officer....(his name).... I had refused permission three times and he did not place me under arrest prior to search. I was driven in car 215 some ten blocks from the scene and released.

April 4, 1967 (10)

Approx. 5 weeks ago while walking down University Way from my house toward the "district" I noticed a squad car about a $\frac{1}{4}$ block behind me following me at my walking pace. They followed me at this pace from 55th to the Pay and Save Drug Store which I entered to make a purchase. When I came out they were gone. 8:00 pm.



BURNING FLOWERS

"You go after that flag and we will attack you..... If you come after our rifles we have been instructed to smash you." The ROTC clearly expected something: a submedula plot for what was only a loosely organized plan to demonstrate with signs and daffodils.

The occasion: an annual ROTC celebration with celebrities - Odegaard and Evans - The Governors Day - plus a slew of deans. Someone made a trip to Puyallup for daffodils and there were a few signs. At the gate to the stadium they were forbidden to enter with the signs. When questioned, the keeper of the gate was unable to tell who had given the orders. They entered with the signs.

They - members of SDS and the VIETNAM COMMITTEE - still had the flowers and waved them about. A man in army uniform took pictures and another in plainclothes - about 15 yards away - held an ominous little box in his hands. A cord ran up from the box and inserted in his ear. He pointed himself and the thing at the 75 flower shakers.

Then something else happened. In the midst of flowers and 1000 or so silent, attending, cadets, Dan Raphael - UW History - raised a burning draft card above the flowers. No one expected this and no one expected Mike Turnson to do the same with his card. A moment before, Mike had been out on the track spreading a few flowers where boots would later trek. Then Gordon Peterson stood up, and with an unexpected candor - even for "Gordi" - pleaded and complained about a nation that glorified the human war machine and forced, for conscience sake, young men like Raphael and Turnson to burn cards: a magnificent yet impotent gesture. (For about 3 minutes Peterson kept at it. Over the silence he sent it from the 20 yard line to mid - field where most of the celebrants sat.) one impassioned phrase that proved to "profane" for police ears. He said something like "It's your fucking war!"

Peterson sat down noticeably exhausted. The city police soon descended en masse and took Peterson from the rest. Hurdling seats, Turnson followed them. He was hit by one man, escaped and then hit in the neck by another, whose wife finally restrained him. The police stopped for a moment to watch and then things picked up again and moved to waiting prowls. Peterson was put in the back seat - the window slightly ajar. Stern and Turnson stood by the window asking for the charge. The police answered "profanity and disruption of public peace." Stern handed Peterson a flower through the window and assured him a lawyer would be waiting at the station. As the prowls car pulled out another car carrying Odegaard and Evans pulled in. Celebrants. Stern then called David Hood.

II

Things broke up. Most of the demonstrators went home. But they who stayed returned to the stadium to sit in front of the Color Girls. Brandishing daffodils, blowing bubbles.

Then something else happened. One of them, Janet Berenson, was pushed by an irate lady. Another, Bob, looked up the aisle for the police. One was watching. Bob waved for the officer to come down. The officer waved for Bob to come up. Then Janet and Bob started up the aisle. Janet was slowed by the pushing. Bob made it to the top of the steps and urgently asked the policeman to stop the assault. He couldn't see anything. Janet gets within 10 feet of the police and is again pushed hard by a woman. The woman screams and slaps her in the face. Janet moves on to within a few feet of the police. A man grabs her and shakes her. Bob, shouting pleads, "stop them." One of the police says "let her go." Bob insists that they be arrested for assault, but while the attackers disperse the same officer who instructed the last attacker to let her go now insists that he didn't see a thing. The officer explains: they can lodge a complaint. With elevation he replies, "I'm looking at you right now and I don't see you."

After all of this something will most surely have happened by the time this paper reaches the street. But one might speculate on what just might happen.

(a) Gordon Peterson's "your fucking war" in the midst of an impassioned complaint is a bit of splendid profanity. (Surely, this paper on some happy rare occasion might also touch that splendor. But, of course, sitting at a desk one rarely finds the fire.) If Peterson is finally brought to trial for such a thing as every policeman who carried him away must mutter to his dog then we will have to appeal to another sort of splendor...that of the absurd.

(b) The blatant and apparently intentional neglect of police protection

(c) The arrest of university students on university grounds by Seattle Police seems also somewhat unwarranted. In fact, the entire participation of Seattle Police in campus affairs seems unwarranted. Perhaps at a football game to direct traffic, yes but for a ROTC function? There were so many and they acted with such efficiency when it came to making an arrest.

(D-OTHERS) The bugging devices. The uniformed photographer. The refusal to allow the students to enter with signs. 1st amendment again.

Some of those involved in the demonstration have attempted to contact the Prexy-Odegaard. Over the week-end they indicated that if clear answers and effective action was not taken on the part of the Administration they would sit in.



The Helix received a bunch of records the other day. Free. Psych-o-delic recordings, sent by Smash. A div. of mercury recording corp. Including something called Psychodelia (sic) by the Mesmerizing Eye, which contained a song dedicated to Suzy Creamcheese--- a mythical chick from Utah, invented by hip Angelinos who needed somebody to be hipper than... "She was a dumb broad who liked C&W music but she had a good heart and a place to stay when things got bad for our group. It was a shame she got messed up on a bad trip (sic again). This is for Suzy." a div. of readers' dig. inc. pat. pend/ etc.

Not only can you blow Aunt Emma's mind with the word LOVE as well as you can with FUCK, but you get all that nice self-righteousness in the process. We also got a recording of Friar Tuck's Psychodelic Guitar, (it said so on the cover) and a Blues Magos, with a note saying that they will send us more if we send them a clipping of the part of the paper where we mentioned their records. If you dig plastic LA pharmaceutical records you won't want to miss these.

Three years ago the only hippy place in the whole H-A was the Unicorn. People used to sit there all day, playing chess and copping dope; maybe half the people bought something. Now the Drug Cafe, an east coast fag/mod (no generic homosexual putdown intended) restaurant on the corner of Haight and Masonic, has instituted a 50¢ per hour minimum. LOVE (sic #3) burgers sell for two bits on Haight. "I'm a hippy on a trippy with Ross (sic #4)." The Ventures have just gotten on to the dopewagon with a psychedelic recording. Wait for the Up With People people to produce GOD, DMT & COUNTRY. 78rpm.

Sandoz doesn't make any money from the american acid scene. The dealers just manage to get by. The recording executives, however, have big houses with green lawns. People with psyche-pshoppes seem to eat fairly well, and don't seem to get busted. TRIPS FESTIVALS MAKE MONEY (thus it is). See ad somewhere in this issue. The festival promoters, last helix heard, had not made any plans to set up a clinic for the 16 year old chicks who drop acid at a party (or a trips festival) for the first time, and freak. The money just flows and flows, and you know these people are too honest to push dope.

I suppose rock will survive Psychedelia. And the Haight shoppes are not likely to be the death of acid. I'm probably overreacting; my friends tell me I do sometimes...

One more quote from the Psychedelia jacket... "As the electric blue of the projector mingles with the throbbing intensity of the lead guitar, a vision of mind shattering (another sic) intensity leaps upon the wall... Each of the tunes recorded will give the listener a personal vision of the psychedelic world only a short trip away (sic #6) as you journey to psychedelia with... The Mesmerizing Eye... (Terminal sic: malignant.)"

john c.

ACL.U. PRESENTS

PRIACY: SEXUAL BEHAVIOR

3RD IN DISCUSSION SERIES

PRIVACY---

A CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT?

AT THE EDGE, 4205 15TH AVE. NE.

WEDNESDAY MAY 17, 8:00 P.M.

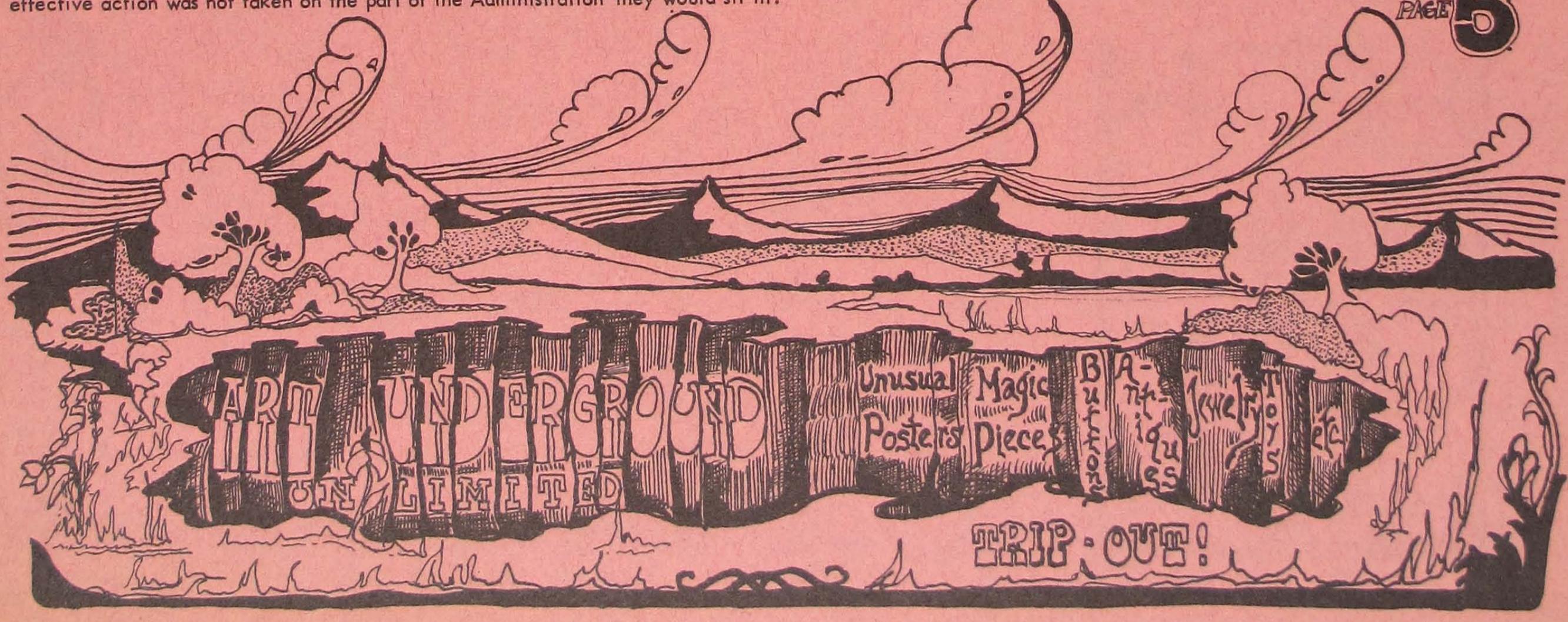
CHMN.-WILLIAM WOOLF PANELISTS-

JOHN SPELLMAN, MICHAEL ROSEN,

& A REP. OF THE DORIAN SOCIETY.

GOVERNMENTAL RESTRICTIONS ON DISSEMINATION OF BIRTH CONTROL INFORMATION ARE VIOLATIVE OF THE GUARANTEE TO FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND EXPRESSION OF BELIEF, BUT THIS ISSUE ALSO INFRINGES ON PRIVACY AS THE RIGHT TO LIVE, ENJOY LIBERTY, AND PURSUE HAPPINESS FREE OF UNNECESSARY RESTRAINT. CLEARLY, LAWS AGAINST CERTAIN SEXUAL PRACTICES AND BLANKET LAWS AGAINST ABORTION MAY BE VIEWED AS AN EQUAL INTRUSION ON THE RIGHTS OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

PAGE 5





CONSCIENCE

authority

WILLIAM HANSON

There is reason to hope in the growing number of persons who will not surrender themselves to external authority when conscience says it is wrong.

A film in Seattle shows the German death centers. The camera slowly pans up a pile of women's hair that turns out to be a mountain. The stomach contracts with revulsion. Can humans be so evil? Yes, of course, and include us, U.S. We are ready to commit defensive genocide, to kill and torture and maim any number of persons "necessary" to preserve security or inflict revenge. After Hiroshima, the nuclear pacifist emerged, the person who would carry on conventional war but refuses to perform mass destruction.

And now, Viet-Nam: Many Americans who were taught in high school that all of our wars were right, believe this war to be wrong. They believe from the bottom of their being and would rather go to jail than consent to induction.

Our government is jealous of conscience, and the Selective Service law permission for non-combatant or alternative civilian service only came into being because C.O.'s in World War I were willing to suffer and not give in. The law, enacted in 1940 and modified in 1948, permits exemption of religious objectors to all war participation. The dedicated man who refuses to use religious terminology, the man who will not use genocidal weapons, the man who believes this war to be unjust, may not secure either of the C.O. classifications, 1-O or 1-A.

Viet Nam is a great Toynbee stimulus: Men otherwise not concerned with violence in the antipodes, men heading for America's vast and comfortable middle class are told that they are to be held to involuntary servitude as destroyers. They are buried under heads of words: Is a draftee "enslaved in order to kill and be killed in an immoral war" or a "good citizen undertaking his military obligation in defense of a free world"? Is he "asked to burn up children because of obsessive anti-Communism" or "finally doing what we should have done a long time ago -- putting a halt to communist aggression where it starts"? What is conscience anyway? Is it a catch word for cowards or is it the most human thing about human beings? It is belief which goes beyond opinion or conceit to ethical choice backed by personal commitment: belief with guts! In relation to present policy it is seen as a negative, but this no-saying is itself positive, both as a refusal to take some real person's life and because most C.O.'s are ready to do constructive alternative service.

Each man must introspect. Each who refuses to use the bomb, or botulinus, or who refuses to kill in Viet Nam must examine whether his position is limited or whether he actually must take a position against all war-killing. But how can needed revolutions take place if other than limited police force is ethically wrong? Only in modern

times has pioneering work been done in non-violent social change. Why can't a billion dollars per day of American energies be put into non-violent social change as a major program of U.S. foreign policy? -- or two billion? We've got it, and we're using it now to destroy. Why don't the universities have departments of non-violent government and defense? This is one of the areas where the Free University is making a small pioneering start.

Is conscience inconsistent with majority rule in a democracy? No, check Thoreau and Gandhi and Camus. Ethical committed conscience is the area which cannot be subject to external authority, or mankind gets Buchenwald.

The religious requirement of the law is an irony. The C.O. law is on the books because of the witness of many, especially men from the historic peace churches: Friends, Brethren, and Mennonite. But many present C.O.'s are not churchgoers. To me their belief is profoundly moral and religious, but they reject religious terminology along with the institutionalized churches which are part of the establishment. Check Micah and Isaiah on the evil of empty forums and the holiness of reverence for life.

Anyone thinking of conscientious objection should get the Handbook For C.O.'s, and C.O. packers at the American Friends Service Committee or the World Without War Council. He should also get some of the excellent paperbacks on these matters and dig in on the history and ideas.

The problem of a C.O. is greater in Washington State. Aside from the exclusion of the "non-religious", the anti-mass destruction C.O., and C.O. to the unjust war, even a C.O. who complies under the law is denied recognition. This tragic injustice has gone on for a year or two in Washington, but because of the fragmentation of C.O. services, no one has realized it until recently. The American Friends Service Committee has begun to work on this, but it means that at present every C.O. needs expert guidance in order to have a near-perfect compliance with the complex administrative procedure.

Expatriation to a country to Canada - is legal; but there is urgent advice on this: It should only be done when there is no violation of United States law and where the individual is willing to change his citizenship and his whole life pattern.

The current Selective Service and Department of Justice pattern for C.O.'s in Washington is a sad picture of a bureaucracy violating its own law because the majority supports war. Each C.O. who is steadfast in his belief and struggles through the whole process, performing non-combatant or alternative service if granted C.O. classification, fighting criminal prosecution in federal court, and going to prison if all else fails, is helping every person on earth. Take courage from this: If one American withdraws himself from killing one Viet-Nam, perhaps another American will not do it in his place.

7



HELIX APPEALS TO SEATTLE. We contend that the basic right of property has been flagrantly disregarded. We contend that if the Delays had in fact been involved in illegal activities they would have been prosecuted. It is a sad state of affairs when a man and his family cannot be allowed to live in their home like normal human beings. The Delays are looking for a permanent moorage site. They are willing to make all the improvements necessary to bring in water and electricity. All that is needed is undeveloped waterfront space on Puget Sound or any area where it is legal to live on the boat. Money is also needed to help defray the legal fees and towing charges incurred in their continuing struggle. Helix hopes that persons sensitive to our democracy will come to their aid. Write Rapid Transit c/o HELIX, 4526 Roosevelt Way NE.

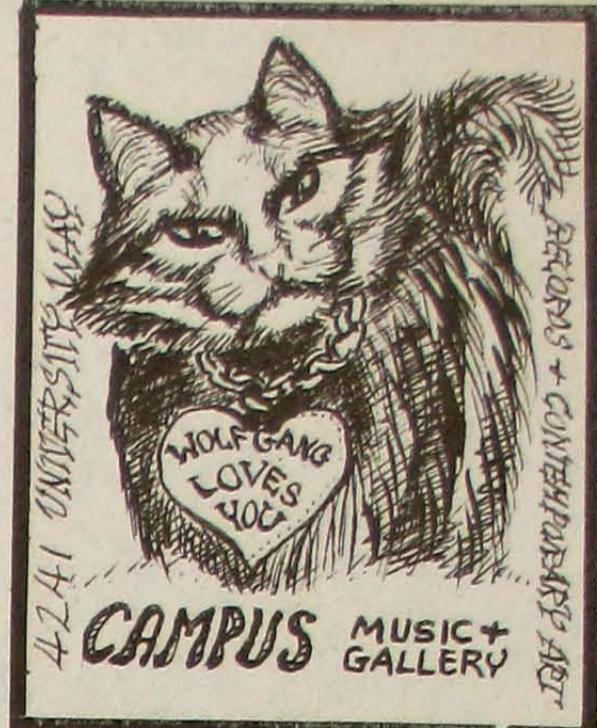
→ HELP ←

For many years I, like everyone else, have been taught about the freedom of the individual in our democracy. This was done by parents, friends, educators, and the news media. Now my wife and I have been forced out of business and my son constantly reminds me (at the age of 2) that he wants to go home to the boat. What can I tell him? "A man's home is his castle" Many say I made one big mistake, believing in this freedom. If that is so, I'm going to continue being disillusioned because I insist on making freedom real. If it can't work for me what will it be like for my son?

Twenty four hours after the eviction of the Bookworm, my home, the Rapid Transit (a 110' x 32' barge), was evicted from its moorage. In looking for a new moorage we found that someone had called many of the prospective locations and "warned" them about renting to us. Finally a spot was found at 1500 Westlake and the RT moved. We were informed the next day that we were evicted. That Friday the RT was cut loose from its moorage and the 411 tons gently blew across Lake Union to some pilings near Coast and Geodetic Survey. The City of Seattle Engineering Department evicted us from those waters. The former owner threatened foreclosure for lack of a good moorage (negligence on our part). A new site was found in Bellevue and the Transit once again got under way. After a whole 15 hours at the new site the Seattle Times got a story on our eviction from that moorage. Subsequently we were informed.

I've been frustrated in trying to find the reasons behind these events. Most recently the marina owner told us that the Bellevue Police talked to him reporting that they had been informed by the Seattle Police of many illegal activities on the boat. He gave us the name of the detective who I called to ask about these things. The detective denied he knew anything about it or even who we were (I guess he is too busy to read newspapers).

Sally and I have been badgered by newspapers, we have been accused of being a "front for the widespread sale of LSD to juveniles" by the Seattle Police. I have been questioned by the Secret Service, a friend of ours was asked by the Food and Drug Administration to investigate us. We have never been arrested or even taken in for anything. We are living in a one room apartment supported by handouts from dirty no good lazy Hippies. Our business has been taken away, now our home, what next...our son?





Is Vietnam Habit Forming

ATLANTIC MONTHLY, March, 1967, quotes Secretary of Defense MacNamara:

"The greatest contribution Viet-Nam is making - right or wrong, beside the point - is that it is developing an ability in the United States to fight a limited war, to go to war without the necessity of arousing the public ire. In that sense, Viet-Nam is almost a necessity in our history, because this is the kind of war we'll most likely be facing for the next fifty years."

IN SC EW V

The Independent Student Committee to End the War in Vietnam is a conglomeration of about 50 high school and junior high school students that formed in November of 1966 to work actively against the war. Up until this time it has leafleted a few high schools and done some work for other peace groups, but has functioned primarily as a social group. Hopefully it will get out of this with its latest project.

It is in the process of raising \$350 for a booth at the "Teen Fair" at which it will distribute "alternatives to the draft" and other peace literature. The planned outcome of this is a larger membership and increased awareness about the war by all students. With this increased membership it can carry on a summer of activity and plan a concerted effort to work within the schools next fall. To raise money it has done work and asked for donations, but it still needs help. For more information call Colin Miller, LA4-0954, or Kurt Johnson, EM3-8926.

THE ID BOOKSTORE
IS MOVING TO
1408 N.E. 42ND
(next to the old Bookworm)
ON
MAY 22ND.
Come & enjoy our home.

Launching the Floating Womb

Something seems to have happened to high school journalism. Not that the official school papers changed;...they didn't. Still primarily concerned with the selection of Nuss 28-AAA Pre-Pubertal Universe and the eulogization of dried-out English teachers, they continue to function as a sort of weekly supplement to inane pronouncement of Jay Cee commencement speakers and the school yearbook. However students from Los Angeles to Cincinnati are beginning to express their alienation from the secondary brain machine, in the form of freewheeling, irreverent underground newspapers.

For the past two years, Seattle H.S. students have been reading, discussing and writing articles on topics such as the need for a revised abortion law, and the inquisitional techniques used by police in their recent high school drug interrogations. The histories of most of these papers seem to follow a similar pattern: first a group of students, hippies, politicos or just ordinary students who resent the only school organ being a castrata found an alternative paper. Then comes THE article; it may be about the war in Vietnam, or it may be about sexual freedom, but it always mars the administration's image of the pristine and totally empty student mind. Recriminations follow: the school terminates any affiliation which it may have had with the paper, and denies the use of school facilities for the paper's production. Finally, the students may be suspended.

The students, further alienated from the educational system by its open suppression of ideas, hunt up a private mimeograph machine, and the war is declared! Students who

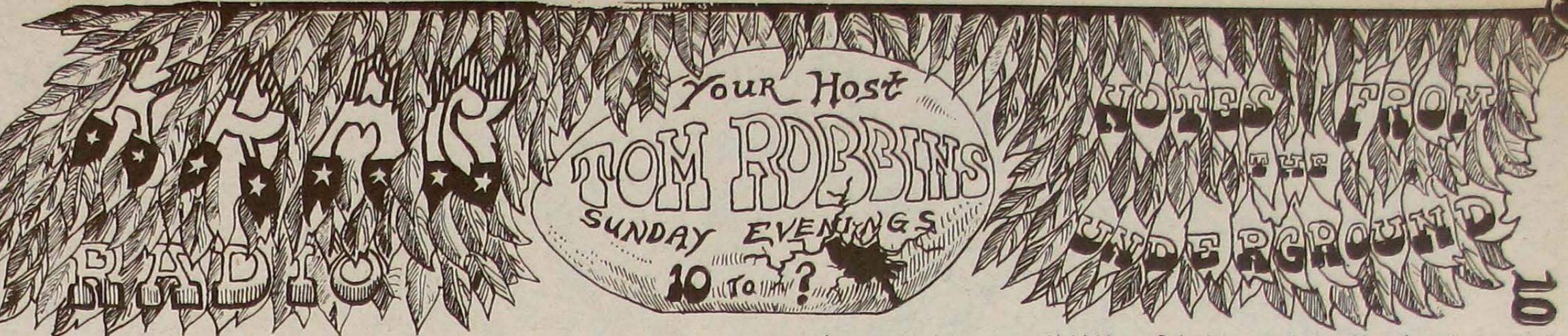
might have previously expressed their dissatisfaction privately to their friends, or by putting sugar in the principal's gas tank, now begin to find their ideas jelling to the point where they start to write articles expressing clear-cut opposition to the establishment--specifically to its nearest representative: the educational system. The school board---suddenly discovering a pocket of pupils who took them at their word, and are beginning to think--panic. Much of the student body may still not give a damn,...but those who do split down the middle.

Various H.S. papers have started in Seattle, only to fold after a few issues--either through lack of interest, lack of support, or because parents were contacted by school officials. Others, still extant, range from the AVENGING ANGEL--produced by a couple of chicks at a Catholic girls' school, and distributed anonymously in the girls' john, with the size of circulation depending on how long it takes the nuns to discover the contraband---to the ADVOCATE, the undisputed mothuh of the Seattle H.S. underground papers.

When the ADVOCATE was originated in 1965 by George Arthur, a student at Sealth High, it consisted of 80 crudely silk-screened copies, dealing for the most part with school topics. After two years the ADVOCATE, no longer connected with Sealth (having been banned for advertising questionable buttons---yeah---) is mimeoing 1000 copies and, with correspondents at four other schools, is distributing to students all over the city.

In those two years, the ADVOCATE has attracted considerable non-student attention, having had an article on censorship reprinted in the Washington ACLU publication, and having inspired an article in the People's World. They were also the first to break the news of the police interrogation of high school students and uncovered information of the Seattle Barb-UW controversy.

The school board, aware that a minor's rights exist, in effect, only as an extension of his parents', have found that, where students are involved, a phone call to the student's parents is far more effective than a public book-burning; and fraught with far less potential controversy. However Marc Krasnowsky, present editor of the Advocate &



son of a long time socialist (Freedom Socialist Party) is not particularly apprehensive at present.

A newcomer to the scene, THE THIN LINE was banned from the Renton campus before its third issue had appeared. Specifically, it was banned for publishing articles on VD, LSD sex and "inappropriate jokes." Stone balling newspaper, right? Well..the article on venereal disease was reprinted from a Washington State Health Department pamphlet---presumably the administration feels that an awareness of social disease would cause more damage to young minds than an untreated case of tertiary syphilis. The article on acid was a request for student opinion; the sex was part of a plea for sex education classes at Renton, which the school does not seem to provide, and the "inappropriate cartoon" was a totally innocuous drawing of a man labelled "administration" with his finger over his lips in a "Shhhh!" gesture. For this, according to the Advocate, the artist was originally expelled from the school, though the last we heard, he had been reinstated. The ancient Greeks believed that hysteria was caused by a womb floating loose from its mooring. The ancient Greeks were very hip.

Other papers---which may or may not still be operating are the BI-WEEKLY FLASH from Garfield and the REBEL YELL from Lincoln; we have also received a letter from Anacortes stating that a paper is gestating there...

At present, several HS papers are working on a co-operative tabloid sized offset issue, (like the paper you're reading now).

Highschool underground papers appear & disappear almost like digger papers. A paper is founded, causes a splash, & frequently disappears before the obvious ripples have subsided. But by now, it can be confidently said, they will continue to spring up with THE article.

DRUGS AND THE ARMY

Interested in what is the fate of the drafted hippie or turned-on soldier, I spent an evening with one seriously harassed hippie private from our own Ft. Lewis. Pvt. Geof Finch and his wife Nancy, the district's own "Sunshine Paisley", offered me coffee and cookies, in their hideaway, then proceeded to fill me in with information about life as an Army hippie.

Pvt. Finch, drafted fourteen months ago, began his career "turning on" with grass, acid, or whatever was available, which in the Army is considerable and easily accessible. He and a few other malcontents, anti-war dissenters, drug-takers et others finally came to the attention of a special CID investigation last fall during an attempt to crack down on drugs. Harrassment soon followed. However, converts increased, and the 339th Engineering Battalion soon became a deposit for unwanted soldiers from other outfits. Pvt. Finch privately estimates that 50% of his battalion is currently turning on with hallucinogenics, speed, and a small amount of hard drugs, as well as downers such as Darvon -- which is available without prescription at the base pharmacies. Other groups: the 75th Eng. Bttn., the 63rd Eng. Bttn., the 24th Aviation Bttn. are also known to have incidence of drug use. Most of these men claim they take drugs out of their depre-

sion over the possibility of being sent to the front in Viet Nam. Other soldiers, returning from the war, are disillusioned. Many began "turning on" in Viet Nam.

At the end of last year, Pvt. Finch began proceedings for discharge from the Army. There was good reason to believe he would be successful, as others had already been discharged. However, a campaign had begun to harass these "unAmerican" soldiers. Soldiers who make known their views on the war or are known to turn on are singled out for extra duties and inspection, called animals, taunted by their non-coms. A medic, Messe, is currently being investigated for suspected subversion; Pvt. Steve Sherrick of the 339th is in the stockade for possession of five marijuana seeds; Pvt. Bill Briggs is being held for malingering and chronic AWOL. He is suspect because of his Buddhist faith. In the 244th Aviation Bttn. at least two hippies, Craig Strehlo and an unnamed soldier from Lake Charles, La., have disappeared without notice from the view of their friends. Some anti-war hippies have allegedly been taken aboard special planes for Viet Nam by armed MPs. One base acid dealer committed suicide in Tacoma by cutting his stomach and wrists with a razor, begging his friends to leave the Army while they still had time. Many reports seem unbelievable and are hard to verify, since many soldiers are fearful that if their names are used, they also will be sent to the front or worse. The script reads like a horror story from the Inquisition.

On March 15, 1967, after three months of paper work, Pvt. Finch's request for discharge was denied by Gen. Pierce on grounds of insufficient evidence of mental stability, although the discharge had been requested and approved by all subordinate military authorities. The same week a letter was sent by military authorities to Pvt. Finch's parents, notifying them of their son's immediate discharge due to his "drug addiction". The author of this letter, 1st Lt. Blewett, apparently blew it, for he has since been relieved of his command. At this time, Pvt. Finch, returning from leave, was told to report of the 63rd Eng. Bttn. -- which refused him. For one week he was shuttled with baggage between the two units, until it was decided to return him to the 339th.

On April 26th, after being restricted and given extra duties because he had missed reveille for sick call, Pvt. Finch took a massive dose of Darvon, Nebutol and Fiarinol, with intent to destroy "government property", his own body. Released two days later from Madigan Hospital, he went AWOL. His orders for Viet Nam, seen by a friend (since jailed), were allegedly printed that weekend. At this time Pvt. Finch is in hiding while he attempts to find legal and medical help before returning to base. Mrs. Finch, in a visit to base to get accurate information, was told by 339th CO, Lt. Mielke, that there was no reason Geof should remain in the Army, but that the case was out of his hands. The CID, in another meeting, expressed the opinion that Geof's suicide attempt and drug-taking were mythical and constituted malingering, for which he should be tried. Mr. Wilson, CID investigator on the case, was allegedly very rude to a soldier's distressed and confused wife, insulting her and Geof as poor Americans.

Meanwhile, others are in the stockade or "turning on", both on and off base. One official, Capt. Chaplain Taylor, estimates that nearly 65% are involved. There are the suicides, disappearances and one soldier, identified only as Kelly, who spends his days in the barracks, crying a lot.

A highly placed, reliable source has informed us that Gary Davis and Bukka White will be brought here this summer by the Seattle Folklore Society. The society's last two offerings, the New Lost City Ramblers and Bill Monroe, went a long way toward satisfying the need for authentic old time country and bluegrass music in this area.

Blues and jazz fans should take note of three new releases on Arhoolie: Big Mama Thornton and the Chicago Blues Band, F1032. Big Mama is backed up by the personnel of Muddy Waters' band, including Little Spann on piano and James Cotton on harp. Despite some production flaws, this is an exciting, unusual record. Clifton Chenier - Bon Ton Roulet, Arhoolie F1031. Clifton Chenier plays the blues on the electric accordion!!! His instrument produces a sound similar to the electric organ, but it is cleaner and sharper. Chenier plays Zydeco, a Louisiana mixture of rhythm and blues and Cajun music. Jesse Fuller - Frisco Bound, Arhoolie R2009. In this album Jesse has dug back into his bag of down home blues and spirituals. He does a lot of knife-blade style songs, including two very oriental sounding spirituals, "Hark from the Tomb" and "Amazing Grace." There are also a few of Jesse's fancy finger-picking, ragtime numbers-- the kind of thing he only does in concert when he really gets going.

The Portland Spring Trips Festival (unless the city father-figures scuttled it at the last minute) was set for last Sunday May 14 in the Portland Armory----with nine rock-blues bands and three light shows.

All sponsored, it is said, by: Pat Mason & Associates of Seaside, Oregon.

At the same time the Portland Diggers have appeared, no relation to any other Diggers. Since the first week in April they have set up a soup kitchen every Sunday in Lair Park on Barbur Boulevard in Portland and fed from 200 to 500 people each time. Musical sounds are projected for and through the Portland tribe by the Blue Cheer, Great Pumpkin and U. S. Cadenza, and by the P.H. Phactor Band, from Portland by way of S. F. At last report the Diggers plan to go on.

Back to the Portland Spring Trips Festival: it was set for noon to 9:30 Sunday in the Armory. The three visual clans were the Union Light Company from Seattle, the Gary Ewing Light Show from San Francisco, and the Retinal Circus from the Reed College area of Portland.

Band sets came from locals and itinerants named the Wailers, P. H. Phactor, the Weeds, the U. S. Cadenza, the Redcoats, the Tweedy Bros., the Poverty Five, the Courtmen, and the 7th Resemblance.

Rumors spread all over the Northwest about a large scale drug bust scheduled for Portland last Saturday night. If the rumors were successful, you didn't read about it in your daily paper.

ODD DANCE
THE FARM LIGHTS: ALL NIGHT MAY 19
HARMONICA SHOP 9PM-12PM
ADMISSION: ONE (1) THIN DOLLAR HUB

HAIGHT
GO



I have just returned from a pilgrimage to Mecca. Haight - Ashbury is being called the center of the love revolution. The Haight is a can of worms.

It seems that the news media in their prolific prostitution of the hip world have not only attracted thousands of young people into the scene, but have also subtly duped them into believing that psychophallic drugs and giggly flower bearing is 'where it's at'. The movie industry is typically riding close upon the heels of this sensationalism with such box office treats as 'Hallucination Generation!', 'Psychedelic Sexualis,' 'The Hippies Orgy,' and 'The Banana Skin Freaks'. No longer does the hip scene slowly grow through personal contact and exchange of ideas, the young come in droves to take dops like your friendly newspaper says. More faces, more drugs, more heat.....the older hippies draw back, those that remain to help these kids are labelled instigators and become targets for harassment. A vicious circle with no apparent exit.

The summer of love isn't going to happen in the Haight. The summer of love isn't going to happen on the Ave between 41st and 43rd, you can't even take a crap on the Ave. The summer of love may not happen at all. Love is not something you talk about, love is something you DO. It is quietly happening among kindred souls in their homes, in the parks. A very beautiful communion of young and old happened at the last BE-IN. For many it was their first exposure to the 'old timers'. I can only hope that this will continue on a more regular basis (Ravenna is only a short walk from the Ave). The street scene mirrors the press, it is a muddle of drugs, paranoia,

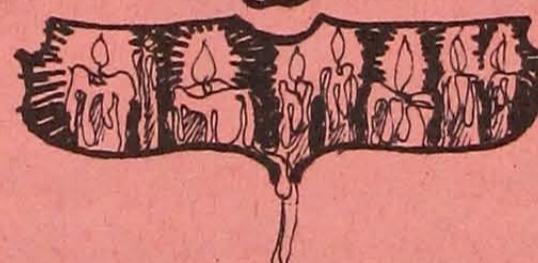
and confusion. It is the playground for reporters, cops and informers. There are better playgrounds with nicer games.

And now for the City of Seattle, you talked about a Hippy invasion, talking doesn't mean shit. Let me reassure there will be a hippy invasion, not the armed hordes of militant light show people from Berkeley as Wesselius would have you believe, but this area's own youth free for the summer after a nine months' barrage of hippy-dope garbage from the papers. There will be at least 1,000 new people on the scene by the end of June. How has the city prepared? By successfully closing the last refuge from the street, the Eigewand. By sending four police officers to the Haight for training (they returned expressing concern that hippies went to the bathroom in Golden Gate Park, fruitful trip). Man, let's stop playing games for a brief instance and be straight. Like food, housing, jobs and places to go will be needed. If Seattle chooses to force a gaggle of hippies with no place to go, no work to do, God only knows what hell will break loose.

The attention currently being focused on these problems is very minimal. The Brothers has a free store sporadically open at 5824 Roosevelt NE. They are also distributing information in the form of mimeoed communications to the people on the Ave. To help alleviate the problems of a street scene it is planned to show films in the park several nights a week. A job co-op has got to be set up, housing information must be gathered. People, ideas and time are desperately needed. Specific items are money, a new home, a 16mm projector, and a small portable generator. Contact Helix or Brothers.



Please Burn Candles
NOT witches!
CANDLE PARLOUR
5320 ROOSEVELT



HAIGHT
ASBURY
JAZZ & LIGHTS
JUST SOUTH OF THE "U" BRIDGE ON EASTLAKE



The green tips of branches are sprouting silently everywhere, amongst houses, streets, poles smoke, autos, signs, 19¢ hamburgers, transforming a dead gray scene into a live green one.

This physical empire we've made has another realm coexisting with it: the world of plants. I live in an ugly old house overlooking the lake and the sunset, and in the back yard and side yard are some of those most patient living things. There's a blue spruce and a lilac and daffodils and many other ground rooted beings; and grass. True, the landlord planted most of them but just the same they have a life of their own. The plants don't sit there and deteriorate like dead objects but instead they grow.

Over by the alley, the lilac bush is not just a lilac bush about six feet high; it is a living thing with several thousand branches, if you were to bother counting. At the tip of each branch is the magic, the secret: embryo leaves growing in miniature and unfolding daily according to some kind of plan. No, not a plan. According to their nature. It's their thing, to unfold and grow a certain way, later on to wither and fall. As we all do.

We grow up thinking of a lilac bush as a lilac bush; once you've seen one you've seen them all. First it's something to avoid or not run in to, then maybe to examine and later to enjoy. It is a delayed effect of a recent trip into this countryside of nature to realize the multiplicity of such a simple object. Actually a living being, it contains a multitude of green cells in those growing buds. Imagine the countlessness of the molecules, cells, tips, limbs of all the lilac bushes in Seattle. All are similar but no two are alike. Then consider, in case you thought you were into something profound, how small a part the Seattle lilacs are alongside all the other trees, grass, flowers—all rooted things in the city. Then lose your daydreams in a continent full of forests.

We're born into a situation where we have to learn things one at a time: where we get conditioned to act in certain ways to deal with these things. Much of what we learn is really a series of abstractions—a lilac bush is an idea while the bush in my yard by the alley is an actuality.

Those who have a lot of common sense or who just think a little about how things are, will have arrived at this feeling of the infinity of actual things. There are many ways to arrive at this outlook: thoughts, chemicals, actions. What I meant to say, though, is that I feel far more akin to the bushes, trees, grass, flowers, moss and all that, than to the concrete pavement, the black wires, the peeling storefronts, the stink and blat of cars, grinding factories, screaming jets, cold lights.

Let us begin to make our things beautiful.

—TOWELL RICCIARDO

BLAISHE
SEATTLE
JACK DELAY

Thru the miracle of modern media 100,000 fledgling hippies are expected to arrive in Frisco this summer. If a third that many come, and I have talked with people from Vancouver to Stockton who intend to, it will be a problem which frightens me at least as much as it frightens the city fathers.

These thousands are coming to join the hippy communities in the Haight-Ashbury and Berkeley, but those communities are already overcrowded. The H-A looks like the Bowery, panhandlers stop you a couple of times each block, and lots of the people on the street look exhausted - not high, not turned on, not really digging a new experience. They look like they are really tired, and spending most of every day trying to get the necessities of life.

Another thousand will make the scene very much the Bowery, 30,000 will make it look like India with starving beggars sitting on the streets. Something will have to be done, and someone will have to do it. There is no chance of solving the problem by ignoring it and I can't think of any way to discourage those people from coming; and I don't think it should be discouraged anyhow. It is the chance of the year to turn people on to what's happening.

That is if they can be fed. The hip communities have few spare resources - it doesn't seem possible that they can feed and house a vast number of people who cannot earn a living either in the community or outside of it. And I have seen no real attempt to figure out any way to do it anyway. If the hip community has leaders they are either operating in secret, or copping out.

The city fathers are behaving unintelligently also. Police harassment and force is on the upswing, the police in the city are not well educated and seem to have no feeling for working with people - they fall back on the cops reply "tell it to the judge." Resolutions from the government saying that people are not welcome are really silly, and a total cop out on the problem.

I have done some elementary thinking about the problem, and can sketch out a solution. First the necessities have to be provided. The parks should be open for sleeping, sanitary facilities should be provided, and free food should be available. The city should pick up the bill for these things.

Then we come to the serious problem - these people don't have anything to do. They will be looking for the scene, but there isn't any scene that can be found by walking. Like any other scene it is one of people doing their thing and working together. Most of the newcomers probably won't have a thing to do, that's why they are coming. They will be looking for something to do that is within their abilities, and meaningful.

Given an opportunity to have 100,000 people come to the city looking for something meaningful to do, the city should provide it. Those people could work, voluntarily for some wage like \$1 an hour, and clean the city, paint the city, fix up some of the really wretched buildings that people have to live in, plant flowers everywhere, and the city could become somewhere that was a groove to be in.

No doubt by the time the summer is over and they are ready to leave, and most them will leave because they will be going back to school, the city would be remade.

Free concerts in the evenings would be a gas also.

Someone out there is going to point out that that will cost money. Yes. So will calling in the National Guard to stop the riots that result if the city keeps on with its head hidden in its reports. That money spent doing something that needed to be done long ago will stay in the city, so ultimately it will all come back to the government anyway, I imagine. In the meantime not just 100,000 lives will be better, but everyone's will be.

BANANA DENSON

Borrowed freely from the Berkeley Barb

YOU DON'T HAVE
TO BE JEWISH TO
ENJOY ^{Gilly's} KOSHER
STYLE SALAMI
SUBMARINES

PAGE
13

IN FACT IF YOU EVER BUY A
SANDWICH ELSEWHERE
YOU ARE OUT OF YOUR MIND.
WITHOUT A DOUBT THE
GREATEST SANDWICH
BUY IN THE WORLD!!



OPEN 7 DAYS
A WEEK
MON-SAT 9AM-8PM
SUN 12 NOON-8PM
ME 3-1778
43RD AND UNIVERSITY WAY
FORMERLY BELGIAN WAFFLE

TRIPS LANSING PRESENTS:

MAY 30, MEMORIAL DAY



O.C.S. # Once More the F.S.S. & F.U.S.

In our special supplement no. 3½ we reported with some guard that councilman Carroll had seen Chief Ramon who saw the light. The proof of the "permission" was the OCS light show dance on Sunday May the 7th... three days after the permission was granted. Though poorly publicized about 1000 showed up for what some of the press titled a "Free University Victory Dance." This is a confusion and a complication. The dance was not sponsored by the Free U. but by OCS.

The Free University has since attempted to get a dance license for a Light-show dance and has been twice refused. Two members of the Free University Steering Committee, Jan Severnson and Susan Stern, visited the dance detail last week and were told flatly by Capt. Wesselins that they would not be given a license because he could not trust that they had proper authority (really and truly represented the Free U.) and so could not trust that they could handle the responsibilities. (The Free University Steering Committee is a truly democratic body without any "officers" or "representatives." All members of the steering committee have equal office and so all have equal authorance. The police missed this.) The FUS Steering Committee has since met and has unanimously decided that should the police refuse such a permit a third time when approached by a "duly authorized" member of the steering committee FUS will start the court proceedings and the entire idiotic hassels all

over again. Once more the round,⁵ etc.....

The dance that did make it was worth it for all the political sleight-of-hand and democratic duplicity that was required to bring it off. The police were there with walkie-talkies, but seemed actually to enjoy the show. Parkin and Larkin were there and were, "in fact, by reputation" smiling. The Yakima Eagle was there after being admitted with press cards. In fact, they were the first ones there. One must rise early to catch the devil from swallowing the day. The Eagle, its talons pared, lodged a complaint with a beat policeman who dutifully called down to the station. The complaint: there seemed to be some under 18 in and about the auditorium. The policeman returned and half apologetically requested of Prof. John Chambliss, "floor manager" for the dance, that those under 18 be asked to leave. They were and the dance went on.

To the right you see a notice for the next OCS dance. It will follow a "kind of" be-in at the Civic Center the afternoon of the 21st. (cf. page 2.) The OCS will also bring COUNTRY JOE AND THE FISH and its unlimited captain BANANA ED DENSON to town on the 9th and 11th of JUNE. Again at the Eagles Auditorium.

And again, outside jazz and inside light shows worked together for the first time in Seattle. Jordon Ruwe's quintet and the Union Light Company joined forces at the Llangaellyn Thursday night May 11 and the musicians and lightmakers turned each other on.



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The three years that I have spent in Seattle have brought many changes---not the least of which have been in the University district and in that which is now called the "Hippie movement". We do not need to catalogue all those events to realize that the climate of public opinion, even if not encouraging, is at least contemptuously tolerant. No doubt there will still be police harassment---but perhaps less brutality. The City Council may continue to suppress the constitutional guarantees of free speech as they did with Tim Leary or the rights of peaceful assembly as they have done with the light shows, but they will have to argue a little more strenuously now. The civic authorities may continue to conspire to oppress the rights of those whose social behavior is considered 'deviant', but they will now have to be much more subtle about it.

Small groups have arisen here and there who are now alert to these tactics of oppression and who are concerned and fearless enough to vigorously protest against them. This is as it should be; although we should be careful to distinguish between men, who are basically good, and their actions which may sometimes be very misguided. We do not want to commit the same injustice often perpetrated upon ourselves of hating the man because we disagree with his actions.

It seems to me also that we must be wary of the vice of feeling righteous and absolutely right to the extent that we visit punishment, ostracism or ill-will towards those who perceive from a different perspective. Sometimes we have been guilty of this, particularly in our discussions of the war in Vietnam or by an occasional contemptuous reference to those who support the admittedly barbaric and senseless statutes on marijuana, LSD, consenting private sexual behavior and censorship of films, books or art objects. We cannot deny the right of people to act stupidly, but we must deny them the option of suppressing our own fundamental freedoms.

Within the last few months there has been a renewed concern among the movement for the problem of human suffering. There has been a tendency to try to minimize that suffering through the development of new internal perspective rather than through the accumulation of more worldly goods to satisfy more desires. Indeed, there has been a thrust to try to minimize one's desires. This has long been the teaching of the great sages of Asia, and I also believe it to be more viable as an approach to the problem of suffering than has been much of the instruction of our own society.

There is much that I would like to say as an expression of affection to so many of you with whom I have worked and played these few years. My words are too paltry to convey, even in a small measure, the depth of my feeling for the love that you have given to sustain me in this experience. You will understand, therefore, if I express part of my sentiments through an excerpt from Rabindranath Tagore:

I have got my leave. Bid me farewell, my brothers.
I bow to you all & take my departure.

Here I give back the keys of my door & I
give up all claims to my house. I only ask for
last kind words from you.

We were neighbors for long, but I received
more than I could give. Now the day has dawned
& the lamp that lit my dark corner is out. A
summons has come & I am ready for my journey.

You have made me great with your love, though
I am but one among the many, drifting in the common
tide, rocking in the fluctuant favour of the world.

You have given me a seat where poets of all
time bring their tribute, & lovers with death-
less names greet one another across the ages.

Men hastily pass me in the market, never
noting how my body has grown precious with your
caress, how I carry your kiss within, as the sun
carries in its orb the fire of the divine touch
& shines for ever.

John W. Spellman



THE COOPERATIVE STRUCTURE OF THE FRENCH & ENGLISH DIVISION LIGHT SHOW

MAGIC FERN WITH CERONE CIRCUS

MONDAY NIGHT
MAY 21ST 1911
TEMPORNEOIS ERGIES AUDITORIUM
JACQUES THORNTON NOTORE
C. CO. 7-10 O'CLOCK
ENTER THE CENTER 11th



WALT CROWLEY